That you haue ſuch a Februarie face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh feare not man, weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at luſtie Ioue,
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Bene. Bull Ioue ſir had an amiable lowe,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers cowe,
And got a calfe in that ſame noble feate,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleate.
Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.
Clau. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe, and I do giue you her.
Claud. Why then ſhees mine, ſweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No that you ſhall not till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry hir.
Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you loued, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero.
Hero Nothing certainer,
One Hero died defilde, but I do liue,
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maide.
Prince The former Hero, Hero that is dead.
Leon. She died my Lord, but whiles her ſlaunder liu'd.
Frier All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death,
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Do not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reaſon.

Bene. Why then your vncle,
Haue beene deceiued, they ſwo
Beat. Do not you loue me?
Bene. Troth no, no more the
Beat. Why then my coſin M
Are much deceiu'd, for they did
Bene. They ſwore that you
Beat. They ſwore that you w
Bene. Tis no ſuch matter, ther
Beat. No truly, but in friendl
Leon. Come coſin, I am ſure
Clau. And ile beſworne vpon
For heres a paper written in his
A halting ſonnet of his owne pu
Faſhioned to Beatrice.
Hero And heres another,
Writ in my coſins hand, ſtolne f
Containing her affection vnto B
Bene. A miracle, heres our ow
come, I will haue thee, but by this
Beat. I would not denie you,
vpon great perſwaſion, and partl
told, you were in a conſumption.
Leon. Peace I will ſtop your m
Prince How doſt thou Benedi
Bene. Ile tel thee what prince:
cannot flout me out of my humou
a Satyre or an Epigramme? no,
braines, a ſhall weare nothing ha
ſince I doe purpoſe to marrie, I wi
poſe that the world can ſaie againſt
at me, for what I haue ſaid againſt i
and this is my concluſion: for thy
to haue beaten thee but in that tho
liue vnbruiſde, and loue my couſen.
Clau. I had wel hopte thou wo
that I might haue cudgelld thee out

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